## CHAMPNEY'S

GRAND PANORAMIC PICTURE

OF

BEINFLAND.

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# CHAMPNEY'S

# GRAND PANORAMIC PICTURE

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# RHINELAND:

#### ILLUSTRATED BY

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE SCENERY; THE HISTORY OF THE RIVER;
THE CITIES, TOWNS, AND RUINS; THE AGRICULTURAL AND
NATURAL PRODUCTIONS; THE PEOPLE, THEIR
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS; THE VINEYARDS
AND VINTAGES; THE STUDENTS AND
STUDENT-LIFE; THE MILITARY
FORCES; THE GAMBLING
ESTABLISHMENTS,
ETC.

WITH A SELECTION OF

### LEGENDS, BALLADS, AND SONGS,

SELECTED FROM THE GERMAN.

COMPILED BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

For sale at the Exhibition, Horticultural Hall, School Street.

### BOSTON:

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MDCCCXLIX.

### अस्तराहराहर स्टाइर्ग्स्

IN MAGNITUDE THE FOURTH RIVER OF EUROPE, AND ONE OF THE NOBLEST RIVERS OF THE WORLD.

There are rivers whose course is longer, and whose volume of water is greater, but none which unites almost everything that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming, in the same degree as the Rhine. As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps, through fertile regions into the open sea, so it comes down from remote antiquity, associated in every age with momentous events in the history of the neighboring nations. A river which presents so many historical recollections of Roman conquest and defeats, of the chivalric exploits in the feudal periods, of the wars and negotiations of modern times, of the coronations of emperors, whose bones repose by its side; on whose borders stand the two grandest monuments of noble architecture of the middle ages; whose banks present every variety of wild and picturesque rocks, thick forests, fertile plains; vineyards, sometimes gently sloping, some-times perched among lofty crags, where industry has won a domain among the fortresses of nature; whose banks are ornamented with populous cities, flourishing towns and villiages, castles and ruins, with which a thousand legends are connected; with beautiful and romantic roads, and salutary mineral springs; a river whose waters offer choice fish, as its banks offer the choicest wines; which, in its course of nine hundred miles, affords six hundred and thirty miles of uninterrupted navigation, from Basle to the sea, and enables the inhabitants of its banks to exchange the rich and various products of its shores; whose cities, famous for commerce, science, and works of strength, which furnish protection to Germany, are also famous as the seats of Roman colonies, and of ecclesiastical councils, and are associated with many of the most important events recorded in the history of mankind; - such a river it is not surprising that the Germans regard with a kind of reverence, and frequently call it in poetry Father, or King Rhine. - Dr. Lieber.

### RHINELAND.

### SECTION I.

### THE BEAUTIES OF RHINELAND.

RHINELAND! It is not very many months since we passed a summer there, pedestrianizing with merry bands of German students, or viewing from some steamer's deek the vine-wreathed hills, storied ruins, and towering erags, which so endear the Rhine to the lover of the picturesque and the beautiful — but we must acknowledge that on seeing Champney's delineations of all these enchanting seenes, we were half inclined to regret not having spared ouselves the time occupied in the trip, and awaited their arrival in America. No wonder that Mr. J. T. Fields wrote,

"I've sailed on ocean to behold the Rhine,
That world of beauty bursting on the view,
But now your canvas warts to me the vine
And rock-clad hills long since I wandered through.

Twin-castled River, far away no more,—
What further need the Atlantic wave to plough?
You've brought old Coblentz to my very door,
And Ehrenbreitstein is my neighbor now!"

Here we have the "Beauties of Rhineland," exquisitely depicted, and bearing constant marks of artistic genius, soul, and spirit. Taking as his starting point a section of the river which permits us, as we slowly pass along, to behold it continually increasing in scenic beauty, Champney gives us faithful topographical presentations of towering heights, each covered by its ruin—the little towns in the valleys, nestled around some

gothic pile — the steamboats and river crafts — the soldiers, peasants, and burghers — the horses and kine — the vineyards and the harvest — each presented in a light strikingly fitted to its character, and with an aptness that is remarkable. The twilight, softly stealing away the dazzling gleam of day, gives place in its turn to the silvery glint of the moon, investing the storied ruin and the craggy summits, peering into the very heavens, with a sublimity of rude and indescribable splendor. Brief descriptions of the most prominent points portrayed may not be unacceptable to those who view the panorama, and with a sincere hope that we are thus aiding our well-loved friend, the artist, we present them as culled from our note book.

THE MAIN, pouring its silvery flood into the broad bosom of Father Rhine, is the first object presented. It has passed the wharves of Frankfort some twenty miles back, and on its banks, nearer at hand, are the vineyards of *Hockheim*, which produce the wine called *Hock*—a name which many give indiscriminately to every variety of the

Rhenish vintage.

Cassell is a dirty suburb of Mayenee, occupied by the boatmen and the hangers-on to the garrison of Fort Montebello. A bridge of boats connects it with the city, though one may yet see fragments of the piers of a bridge built in the year 70, by the twenty-second Roman legion, which had previously served under Titus at the siege of Jerusalem. The first stone was blessed by Crescentius, who first preached the truths of the Christian religion on the banks of the Rhine. Trajan built a fort where Cassell now stands, and Adrian one opposite;—the Romans fled over it before the Germans, in the confusion of defeat—soon after it was the scene of Charlemagne's triumphant entry; in short, the military history of the river at this passage, is an eighteen hundred years' relation of frequent and bloody struggles.

FLOATING MILLS are common on the Rhine, and at Mayence there is a formidable row, whose wheels, turned by the current with a regular velocity, sound at night like the waves rolling in upon the sea-shore. About the time of Charlemagne, Winifred, a pious Englishman, visited Mayence on a missionary enterprise, and had such unexampled success that he was canonized Saint

Boniface. His successors in the Episcopal chair were not all as devout; and one who was reproached by the Pope for the jovial life which he led with his canons, replied, "They have more wine than is needed for the celebration of the mass, and not enough to turn the wheels of their floating mills—why should they not drink it?"

A STEAMBOAT LANDING, on the Rhine, is the focus of idlers round about, like the railroad depots in our country towns. The boats, or Dampfschiffahrten, as the Germans call steamers, belong to companies, and are trim-looking craft, gaily painted, with low pressure engines, which urge them through the water at the rate of six miles an hour when ascending, and fifteen when descending. The captain occupies himself exclusively with the navigation of the boat—the clerk collects the fares, which are very low, and an active steward rushes about with his bill of fare, soliciting orders for a mittagessen, or mid-day meal, no matter whether it be early or There are three classes of places. The first, or small pavilion, is generally occupied by some nobleman, whose carriage is midships - the second class is peopled with English tourists wrapped in their egotism, who prefer enjoying the smoke and heat from the engines to the cool air and fine prospect on the plebcian fore-deck. The third-class passengers there stationed, are a motley group of ladies' maids, students, soldiers, and artists. Well do we remember a group of German students we met with on a fore-deck - genuine Burschen, with their small flat caps, the ribbon of their craft, and pipes — some of them having substituted for the cherry wood pipe-stem a long flexible tube, which wound half a dozen times around their waists, like a snake. They appeared to look up to a "Sir Oracle," clad in a gray frock-coat loaded with black braids, who ever and anon broke out into a song, his companions joining in the chorus. war ein Kænig en Thule," from the opera of Faust, seemed to be the favorite. This old king of Thule had a famous goblet -

"'T was prized beyond all measure,

At every drinking bout,

He gloated on the treasure

And drank — and drank thereout"

BIBERICH peeps out after passing the tall poplars on some islands in the river. It is a handsome palace, fitted up with much taste by the Grand Duke of Nassau, who married a near relative of the Russian Autocrat, and buried her a year or so afterwards. He resides at Biberieh, from whence there is a railroad to Weisbaden, the eapital of his Duchy, and the fashionable watering place of Germany. Some drink the water, which is very hot, as it eomes from the spring, and tastes like ehicken broth - but the majority come to amuse themselves. The head-quarters of this last elass is at the Kursaal, a large building embraeing banquet, daneing, billiard, and gambling saloons; and when we were last there, the latter were filled every day by eleven o'eloek, with earnest devotees. A death-like stillness reigned, only interrupted by the monotonous eall of the croupier, "Make your play, gentlemen — make your play." Piles of money, varying from one to five hundred dollars, in gold or silver, were placed on the cheekered oil cloth - and the rolling ball clicked around the sides of the maelstrom of ruin. All held their breath, watching it with intense anxiety. It stopped - the eroupier eroaked out the winning color and number - money was exchanged -the players pricked down the results on their tallycards — and the same seene was repeated. A eonsiderable fraction of the players were women, laboring under the influence of sordid excitement, which had evidently broken down the bounds of delicacy and decorum which should restrain their sex; while selfishness, villany, exultation, or despair, was personified on every countenance.

At four o'clock dinner was announced—a plentifully spread table, with some pretensions to eleganee, at which three hundred people sat down, for less than half-a-dollar each—a moderate sum which is not probably mentioned by a large majority of the guests when they return home and boast of having dined at the table with the Duke, for he was there half of the time, in his anxiety to swell his revenues by drawing erowds to the baths. After dinner, all except the gamblers adjourned to a pieturesque garden behind the Kursaal, where an infantry band played waltzes and marches. Refreshments were served at small tables,

the English making tea, the French sipping black coffee, the Italians eating ices, and the Germans proving their constancy to the malt liquor of their Teutonic ancestors. We saw several fair-haired girls swallow at least half a pint at a draught, and then go on with the knitting work all German women carry, with a smack of their rosy lips as if it were good; their toilets were gaudy mixtures of bad taste, ill-fitting their clumsy forms; and the only things harmonizing with their bright blue eyes were round, bare arms, which Phidias would have chosen for models. All were apparently enjoying themselves; and the polyglot mass, who had left without remorse their Penates, families, and countries, seemed fully determined to create other Lares and relations in a common soil, governed by hilarity and good feeling.

Returning to the Rhine, we come to the portal of the Rheingau, that "Bacchanalian Paradise," remembered with a sigh by those who love to drain long-necked bottles, and replete with souvenirs of the Emperors Augustus and Charlemagne — one, the head of the Universal Roman Empire, and the other, the head of the Universal Empire

of Germany.

NIEDER WALLUF and Schierstein are two picturesque villages, and beyond them are the ruins of the once proud tower of Scharfenstein, once the summer retreat of the Bishops of Mayence, and their mailed knights.

ELLFELD, on the river bank, was the capital of the *Rheingau*, which was given to the Bishops of Mayence by one of the Carlovingian kings, and retains the gothic

towers which they built.

Passing the country-seats of Herr Langer and Baron Vrintz, and the Draiser Hof, a large building, once an appendage to the convent at Eberbach, we see that village, and the low islands of Reinaue and Langewarteraue, covered with luxuriant trees, under whose shade Charlemagne used to fish. His unfortunate son Lewis, driven by his own children from home, died on the last named island, a miserable fugitive.

"Bacchus amat colles," Virgil tells us, and we find that all the hill sides hereabouts are planted with vines — the summits are too much exposed to the winds, and the valleys give too great a growth of wood. The vineyards of the Rheingau, famed the world over, owe their existence to Charlemagne, who, finding that the snow melted easier on its hill slopes than in any other part of his empire, ordered them to be planted with the choicest wines of Burgundy and Champagne - History fails to inform us whether it is to him that we are indebted for the green glasses into which the creaming libations of Rhenish are poured. The wine from the Steinberg vineyard is the most esteemed, and at the last public sale, the best eask of it, or, as the Germans call it, the Braut, (Bride) of the cellar, was purchased for the enormous sum of 6,100 florins, (about) by Prince Emile of Hesse. It contained about 600 bottles of the superior vintage of 1832. The Markobrunner vine, which grows on the hill of STRAHLENBERG, is so named from a spring which flows near the high road, which here runs on the border of the river.

REICHARTSHAUSEN is the country residence of the Count Schenhorn, one of the few remnants of the old noblesse. Oestrich and Mittleheim are two pretty villages—and beyond them is Winkle, where the "vina cella" of Charlemagne was located. Many traditions are extant of his fondness for the spot, or rather of the treasures it contained, and the vine-dressers firmly believe that every summer his imperial spirit loves to wake from its slumber of ages, and revisit his old favorite haunts. This has given rise to a beautiful German ballad, called

#### THE SILVER BRIDGE.

On the Rhine—the green Rhine—in the soft summer night, The vineyards lie sleeping beneath the moonlight:
But lo! there's a shadow on green hill and glade,
Like the form of a king in his grandeur arrayed.

Yes, yes, 'tis the monarch that erst ruled this land, It is old Charlemagne, with his sword in his hand, And his crown on his head, and his sceptre of gold, And the purple imperial in many a rich fold.

Long ages have fled since he lived in this life: Whole nations have perished by time or by strife, Since he swayed with a power never known, from his birth: What brings his great spirit to wander on earth? He hath come from his tomb that's in Aix-la-Chapelle—He hath come to the stream that he once loved so well—Not to ban or to blight with his presence the scene, But to bless the blithe vineyards by Luna's soft sheen.

The moonbeams they make a brave bridge o'er the Rhine, From Winkle to Ingleheim brightly they shine: Behold! by this bridge the old monarch goes over, And blesses the flood with the warmth of a lover.

He blesses each vineyard on plain and on hill; Each village, each cottage, his blessing doth fill; He blesses each spot on the shore, on the river, Which he loved in his life—which forget he can never.

And then from the home that he still loves so well He returns to his tomb that's in Aix-la-Chapelle, There to slumber in peace till the old year is over, And the vineyards once more woo him back like a lover.

The broad and transparent stream now attains a breadth of 2,000 feet, and is studded with islets, crowned with rich foliage. The chateau of JOHANNISBERG is conspicuous, surrounded by its famous vineyard, which is some sixty acres in extent. The vintage usually takes place a fortnight later than in the surrounding country, as the peculiar flavor of the wine is most apparent when the grapes are on the verge of rottenness; and they are so valuable that those which fall to the ground are picked up with little wooden forks, made expressly. The aspect is southern — the soil is composed of the debris of various colored stratified marl, and the vines are of the Riesling species. The average produce is 31,000 bottles, worth about two dollars a bottle, although the cellars contain the vintages of some particular years which would sell readily for ten times the money.

The value of Johannisberg wine is however altogether fictitious, as the product of neighboring vineyards is actually as good, but has not been introduced to public notice under equally favorable circumstances. After the monks, (who had with their customary acumen obtained possession of the vineyard) were chased away by Napoleon, he gave it to Marshall Kellermann; and after the peace of Vienna, the Emperor of Austria presented it to Prince Metternich, who in his turn has lost it. Now in

those days, the house of Rothschild had on hand a grand speculation, whose success depended upon a treaty then pending with Austria; and it was indispensable to obtain the good will of M. de Metternich, who, as secretary of State, could smooth over certain difficulties. A statesman of lower calibre might have been bribed, but in this case it was necessary to administer the golden pill with great dexterity; and after several financial consultations, old Moses himself was intrusted with the mission. He obtained an audience, and commenced by unfolding, in his blandest style, his schemes, showing their practicability and success—then by a skilful detour spoke of the Prince's recent present — and concluded by asking if he would sell the Johannisberg vintage for the next ten years at 250,000 florins a year? The delighted Prince, for the wines had no great reputation, signed the bargain on the spot, and the treaty the next day; while the Israelites, having gained their case, thought it best to regain the bonus. So they shut up the cellars, only selling a thousand bottles a year, and that at an exorbitant price; while the first pens of the European press have since been regularly engaged to raise the wine to that place which it now occupies. Jules Janin's puff was one of the most adroit that he has ever fabricated; his fertile brain being the only foundation for the following paragraph in one of his weekly dishes of gossip in the Debats. "We write under Anacreonic inspiration this week, due to the fondness of Madame la Princess Metternich for the chirography of all who have any note, be it good, bad or indiffer-Among the scribblers from whom her husband begged a few words for her album, was the reader's humble servant, who accordingly wrote in his best hand: — 'J. J. returns his sincere thanks to Prince Metternich, for two dozen bottles of Johannisberg: Paris, 1836.' It came by yesterday's German courier, and is as exhilerating as the Maronean of Homer, or the 'Chian wine that had never crossed the seas,' so elegantly sung by Horace, &c., &c." The amount of the matter is, that no costly dinner is complete without this particular brand; and the Rothschilds, as usual, have coined their ten years' stock into gold.

Geisenheim comes next in view, with its tall Gothic spires and handsome country seats, lying on the Rothenberg hill, so famous for its Geisenheimer wine. And now we are opposite Rudesheim, with its overhanging terraces, rising one above the other, behind the village, and overtopped in their turn by the forests of the Niederwald. All the soil on these terraces is carried up in baskets.

The Bremserburg is a eurious old ruin, the walls of which vary between eight and fourteen feet in thickness. It was inhabited by a chivalric old family, long since extant, and tradition tells us that one of the knights, Broemser of Rudesheim, on repairing to Palestine, signalised himself by destroying a dragon, which was the terror of the Christian army. No sooner had he accomplished it, than he was taken prisoner by the Saracens; and while languishing in captivity, he made a vow, that if ever he returned to his castle of Rudesheim, he would devote his only daughter Gisela to the church. He arrived at length, a pilgrim, at his castle, and was met by his daughter, now grown into a lovely woman. Gisela loved, and was beloved by, a young knight from a neighboring castle - and she heard with consternation her father's vow. Her tears and entreaties could not change his purpose. He threatened her with his curse if she did not obey; and, in the midst of a violent storm, she precipitated herself from the tower of the castle into the Rhine below. The fishermen found her eorpse the next day in the river, and the boatmen and vintagers to this day fancy they sometimes see the pale form of Gisela hovering about the ruined tower, and hear her voice mingling its lamentations with the mournful whistling of the wind.

The Rossel is an artificial ruin, built in imitation of an old feudal tower on the height, and overlooking the black pools and turbulent eddies of the stormy Bingerloch beneath. This is the "Hell Gate" of the Rhine, and large sums have been expended in removing the sunken rocks, a work commenced by the Romans. The Prussian government, some few years since, widened the

navigable passage from 20 to 210 feet.

The Mouse Tower is the scene of Southey's ballad, which ehronicles the fate of an avaricious Bishop, who one

year bought up all the wheat in the neighborhood, that he might resell it at a great profit. The people complained, and having been beguiled by the bishop to assemble in one of his barns (of course an empty one), he set fire to the building, and destroyed them, making himself merry with their cries.

"'I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire,' quoth he,
'And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn.'"

But the inhuman Hatto was punished. Out of the ashes of his victims sprang myriads of rats, by which he was hunted from place to place. Wherever he hid himself, they found him out. If he encased himself with wood, they gnawed through it. If he built high walls the rats scaled them, and came up through the floors from underground. At length he retreated to this island on the Rhine, and erected the Mouse Tower, which, however, proved no defence. The rats came upon this, too, in great numbers.

"Down on his knees the bishop fell, And faster and faster his beads did he tell, As louder and louder, drawing near, The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down through the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below;
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones. And now they pick the bishop's bones; They gnawed the flesh from every limb, For they were sent to do judgment on him."

Terraces, sometimes twenty of them, now rise one above the other, the Neiderwald overtopping all. They are supported by walls of masonry from five to ten feet high, and the breadth of some of the terraces is not a yard. Half way down one of these cultivated staircases,

is seen the ruined castle of Ehrenfels, as if guarding the

dark and troubled Bingerloch beneath.

Assmanhausen gives its name to the vintage of its environs—the only red wine produced on the Rhine. St. Clementis Chapel, a little farther on, (on the side from which we gaze) was built, says Tradition, by a noble maiden, who had been dragged from her home by a knightly ravisher. A violent storm arose, and she called on St. Clement to save her from drowning, vowing to build a chapel should she escape. The saint appeared walking on the water, and led her to the shore, while her persecutor perished under the waves. She accordingly built the chapel, and the present queen of Prussia has restored it to its pristine beauty.

And there the MORGENBACH, after foaming over rocks and down through the wild dells of its native valley, pays tribute of its waters to Father Rhine, amongst vineyards and tangled underwood, and groups of huge overshadowing trees—glorious scenes for a painter's pencil, and

admirably portrayed by Champney.

Looking across the river, we see the town of Lorch, its roofs, ruins, and gothic spire bathed in floods of light, nestling in the entrance of Viperthal — a vale of whispers, peopled by legions of fairies and mountain sprites. Just behind the town is a steep height called the Kedrich or Teufel's Leiter. Once upon a time, as the story goes, Garlinda, a daughter of the brave knight Sipo, was carried to the inaccessible Kedrich by one of the race of blue winged spirits with eyes of rubies and sapphires, who occasionally permitted themselves to be ensnared (like common mortals), by the charms of the daughters of men. The good old woman who guarded her, after four years' confinement became compassionate, and meeting the chevalier Routhelm, who had just returned from Hungary, and was tristely seeking means to bear off the captive, she gave him a magical golden bell with a diamond tongue. Sounding this at the witching hour of midnight, thousands of agile dwarfs came to obey his orders, and in a twinkling shaped a staircase in the rock, up which he walked and brought down his lady love in triumph. So the place has ever since been called the Devil's Ladder. The towers of

Bacharach are here seen in the foreground, and will be described when we catch a glimpse of the town they

guard, from the other side of the river.

The old ruined castle of GUTENFELS, lit up by the last rays of the setting sun, was once the abode of the Countess Guda, the favorite of Richard of Cornwall, brother to Henry III. of England, and Emperor of Germany. Below it is the little town of CAUB, where the Duke of Nassau still levies a toll on all vessels navigating the river - in feudal times thirty two chieftains exercised the privilege. It was here that the German army of "Liberators" crossed the Rhine in 1814, on their return from victory. It was witnessed by a friend of Sir Walter Scott, whose description of it I have found in a letter written by Mrs. Hemans. "At the first gleam of the river," he said, "they all burst forth into the national chant — Am Rhein, Am Rhein! They were two days passing over, and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time, for each band renewed it while crossing; and the Cossacks, with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus, 'Am Rhein, Am Rhein!' I shall never forget," continues Mrs. Hemans, "the words, nor the look, nor the tone with which he related this; it came upon me suddenly, too, like that noble burst of warlike melody from the Edinburgh castle rock, and I could not help answering it in his own words,—

> 'T were worth ten years of peaceful life, One glance at their array."

The Pfalz, a quaint castellated building, stands in the centre of the river, and looks, at a distance, like a man of war. In the olden time, the countesses Palantine were required to reside here for some time previous to their becoming mothers, and some of the legends are curious enough. Latterly, it was used as a prison for persons of rank, and the week before we visited it, a curious English traveller found his way down into the dungeons, which are below the surface of the river. While there, some one turned the key of the door at the head of the

staircase, and the unfortunate cockney was imprisoned for some dozen hours. When liberated, he started for home in a bee line. Champney has invested this scene with all the beauties of a Rhenish twilight.

### SECTION II.

OBERWESEL. The frowning old turreted watch-tower is seen in the foreground, under the magic influence of the "queen of night," whose silvery rays light up the roofs and walls of this ancient city (the "Vesalia" of the Romans), while the mountains rise proudly on the other bank of the river, in whose pellucid tide they are seen mysteriously mirrored. The church here was consecrated in 1331, and has a magnificent altar-peice, with a side chapel in which are effigies of the Schoenberg family, who were the feudal masters of Oberwesel. We give an old legend of this family, as a caution to coquettes.

### "DIE SEIBEN JUNGFRAUEN."

"The Castle of Schoenberg was lofty and fair,
And seven countesses ruled there:
Lovely, and noble, and wealthy I trow—
Every sister had suitors enow.
Crowned duke and belted knight
Sigh'd at the feet of those ladies bright;
And they whispered hope to every one,
While they vow'd in their hearts they would have none!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell:
'T is many a year since this befel:
Women are altered now, I ween,
And never say what they do not mean!

At the castle of Schoenberg 't was merriment all— There was dancing in bower, and feasting in hall; They ran at the ring in the tilt-yard gay,
And the moments flew faster than thought away!
But not only moments — the days fled too —
And they were but as when they first came to woo;
And spake they of marriage or bliss deferr'd,
They were silenced by laughter and scornful word!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell:
'T is many a year since this befel,
And ladies now so mildly reign,
They never sport with a lover's pain!

Knight look'd upon knight with an evil eye—Each fancied a favored rival nigh;
And darker every day they frowned,
And sharper still the taunt went round,
Till swords were drawn, and lances in rest,
And the blood ran down from each noble breast;
While the sisters sat in their chairs of gold,
And smiled at the fall of their champions bold!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell; 'T is many a year since this befel, Times have changed, we must allow, Countesses are not so cruel now.

Morning dawn'd upon Schoenberg's towers, But the sisters were not in their wonted bowers, Their damsels sought them the castles o'er—But upon earth they were seen no more: Seven rocks are in the tide, Ober-wesel's walls beside, Baring their cold brows to heaven: They are called, 'The Sisters Seven.'

Gentles, list to the tale I tell; 'T is many a year since this befel: And ladies now may love deride, And their suitors alone be petrified!"

They are there in the eentre of the river, and after passing them, the shores become more wild and dreary—no human habitations meet the eye—majesty and grandeur are impressed upon the almost perpendicular erags of basalt that hem in the river, which foams and boils along, as if running a rocky gauntlet. Towering above the rest, is the black precipitous erag, ealled the Lurleifels, once the habitation of a beauteous "Undine"

called the Lurlei, whose delight it was to charm the passing boatmen into the whirlpool in front of the crag, with the magical sounds of her syren voice, and then chant his death-song. Like all other evil spirits she has at length been vanquished, and the steam-engine drowns her fondest note. The echo from the crag formerly repeated fifteen times, but now-a-days the forlorn Lurlei is more chary of her favors, as, instead of princes and mythological heroes in abundance, she has only one admirer—an old French Hussar, who resides on the opposite bank and awakens the eeho with his bugle and fowling-piece. Hood says of this spot:—

"You see an old man who lets off an old gun,
And Lurlei with her hurley-burley will mock it;
But think that the words of the echo thus run—
'Take care of your pocket—take care of your pocket.'"

The German students amuse themselves as they pass here, by asking the echo "who is the Burgomaster of Oberwesel?" After a moment's pause, back comes the answer, "Essel," which, being the German for *Donkey*, is taken by the magistrate of the place we have just passed, in high dudgeon, and one of them a few years since fulminated an edict against the question.

Hurrying on over the foaming eddies of the Gewirr or whirlpool, an abrupt turn of the river discloses the ruined castle of the KATZ, distinctly defined against the morning's gray sky, and beside it the Schweitzer Thal or Swiss valley, a most romantic dell, through which a wild torrent, (the Frosbach,) leaps over the rocks in pieturesque cascades. The Katz, built in 1393, was once the seat of the proud Counts of Katzencllenbogen, and was destroyed in 1807, by order of Napoleon. Below it, where the Frosbach empties into the Rhine, is the village of St. Goarshausen, with its ruined walls and watch-tower, looking grim enough against the gray mists of morning. But—

<sup>&</sup>quot;See, the night wears away, and cheerful morn, All sweet and fresh, spreads from the rosy east; Fair nature seems revived, and every heart, Sits light and jocund at the day's return."

The mists grow pale—the light eomes on as we pass the rocky heights—and now the dazzling sun breaks forth in all his splendor as we reach the famous ruin called *Thurmberg* or the Maus. This tower was built by the brave Kuno of Falkenstein, and was contemptuously named by the knight, Posser of the Kat, but he soon found his mistake, for after a hard struggle the mouse mastered her feline foe, and reduced her to a state of good behavior.

The legend of the "White Maiden" is eonneeted with this wild ruin. A young noble of St. Goar, while hunting one day, pursued a stag to the ruin, where it disappeared. He sought it in vain, and as it was mid-day, an August mid-day at that, he sought shelter in the shade of a ruined stairease, saying, as he stretched himself out on the ground: "I wish that some kind fairy would bring me a beaker of the Rhenish wine which the old women say has been buried for ages in the eellars of this old eastle." Searee had he spoken the words, when a beautiful maiden stepped from a creviee, with a large beaker flowing to the brim; she was arrayed in white, "fair was she as a lily in June," and her loving eyes made the blood course fast through the hunter's heart. "Drink and be satisfied," said she, and soon his passions were inflamed by love and wine—but just at that moment, the maiden disappeared. In vain did he search for her—he only disturbed the owls and the bats, and from that day he was a ehanged man. Wherever he was, but the one thought of her haunted his mind, and his only pleasure eonsisted in ransacking the ruins. The sun seorehed him—the rain drenehed him-n'importe! At length a deadly fever seized him, and in his delirium he sought the spot where he had seen the object of his adoration, that he might there give up the ghost. But life would not forsake him, and while in great torment, the white maiden re-appeared. She eame and bent over him-with a eonvulsive effort he raised his head—she kissed his lips—and with a smile of happiness he fell back and died. No one has seen her sinee.

The mists dissipate before the rising sun, elimbing and wreathing the mountains behind the town of Nelmich. Passing the little island of WOERTH, and the rugged ada-

mantine bank in which the town of KESTER is enshrined, we come to the romantic castles of LIEBENSTEIN and STERNBERG, called "the brothers." Their picturesque outlines stand in the picture proudly defined against the clear morning sky, and we regret that our limits restrict us to one of the many legends concerning them. We give the one called—

#### THE HOSTILE BROTHERS.

Yonder on the mountain summit, Lies the castle wrapped in night; In the valley gleam the sparkles Struck from clashing swords in fight.

Brothers they who thus in fury
Fierce encounter hand to hand;
Say, what cause could make a brother
'Gainst a brother turn his hand?

Countess Laura's beaming glances,
Did the fatal feud inflame,
Kindling both with equal passion
For the fair and noble dame.

Which has gained the fair one's favor?
Which shall win her for his bride?
Vain to sean her heart's inclining;
Draw the sword, let that decide.

Wild and desperate grows the combat, Clashing strokes like thunder fly; Ah! beware, ye savage warriors, Evil powers by night are nigh.

Woc for you, ye bloody brothers!
Woe for thee, thou bloody vale!
By each other's swords expiring,
Sink the brothers, stark and pale.

Many a century has departed,
Many a race has found a tomb,
Yet from yonder rocky summits,
Frown those moss-grown towers of gloom.

And within the dreary valley,
Fearful sights are seen by night;
There as midnight strikes, the brothers
Still renew their ghastly fight.

BORNHOFEN CONVENT, or rather the ehureh eonnected with it, was, for many years, a favorite resort of Pilgrims, but Napoleon, whose organ of veneration was not

very strongly developed, seeularised it in 1812.

KAMP, a rather pretty village, is seated on a plain between the river and the now receding mountains, and oeeupics the site of a Roman Castrum or camp. Here we
see in the foreground a group of the horses, which are
used in great numbers on the banks of the Rhine, for
towing up the heavy laden barges, against a strong and
impetuous current. Poor beasts! they strain every nerve,
and patiently submit to their heavy harness, which often
galls them to the quick. Champney has been very successful in transferring them to his canvas, and while gazing on them we have almost fancied we could hear the
eurses of their brutal conductor, or his wild "ah—a—a

—eh! ah—eu—eu—eu—auh." followed by the cracks of

his knotted whip.

The Peasant-girl is also life-like—a strong, straightlimbed creature, moulded after the fashion of the "Venus de Milo," her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing with health, and those pouting lips, which, as Byron said, "would shake the saintship of an anchorite." She has a heavy burthen on her head, for it is thus the German women go to market with their produce. They come into the towns from the villages around, often walking seven or eight miles, bearing on their heads huge baskets of potatoes, peas, turnips, apples, pears, plums or other rural merchandise, which they expose in the market, or some particular street appropriated for the purpose. They just set their basket on the ground, and if they have a variety of articles, take possession of a certain circumference around, and thus lay open to the eyes of eustomers the objects of sale. But going to market is a very light part of the peasant woman's work in Germany. We have often seen women threshing, reaping, ploughing, and repairing the roads. Thousands of the men, meanwhile, are idling away their lives in the army.

FILZEN, a quiet little village, lies half embosomed in the rich foliage of the luxuriant nut-trees on the height on the other side. The CHATEAU OF LIEBENECK, crowns the summit, and as we proceed, we see the village of OSTERSPEY, also on this riehly wooded slope.

DUNKHLODER THAL now appears in the distance, at the end of a glorious vista, the steep hill sides covered with masses of foliage, while far, far away the eye can rest upon the distant heights, which prove the assertions of Campbell—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view, And clothes the mountain in its azure hue."

Here we find an artist very comfortably seated under the shade of a monster umbrella, sketching the beautiful landseape before him, to the astonishment of a group of gaping rusties. The old codger with a hay-rake over his shoulder, cannot comprehend why any one should wish to portray what he has seen every day since he was a boy; and the matron in a velvet eap seems determined to tell her gossips how the Maler Amerikaner executed his task. Her baby seems quiet enough, and the chubby urchin in front of her is lost in wonder—one of his playfellows is very much interested in the eover of the paint box, and others are having a loll on the grass. The Rhenish peasants live on rye bread, potatoes, apples, butter and milk, and although most of them eultivate vines, they dare not eat a grape, or drink the wine—all, like the Irishman's pork and beef, goes to pay the rent, and, what does not press so sore in the Irishman's case, the taxes. These are very oppressive; for there is a heavy national debt, a court to be supported, and a standing army to be maintained—the last generally depriving every family of an able-bodied young man. The Catholics and Protestants worship, at different hours, in the same ehurehes; and their children are educated in common, in accordance with a national system of education, whose beneficial fruits, says a report, "soon became perceptible, in the diminution of crime and drunkenness throughout the

MARKSBURG CASTLE, on the summit of a high and almost eonical rock, is a fine specimen of a military stronghold of the middle ages, having been preserved uninjured and unaltered, and is the only original castle on

the Rhine. There are many curious historical legends connected with it, which were all duly related to us by our guide, a sergeant of the Veteran corps stationed there as a garrison. He not only showed us the rooms in which political delinquents are still confined, but led us down winding staircases into dungeons in which Mrs. Radeliffe would have revelled, with a chamber of torture in which the rack still exists. It is a proud yet gloomy sentinel, overlooking and guarding the beautiful river and the cultivated meadows on either hand, chequered with vine-yards and waving grain, and dotted with clumps of fruit trees. Well doth the writer remember gazing from its battlements, as Scott's hero did from Blackford Hill—

"Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd, For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed."

The KENIGSTUHL, in the foreground, which next attracts the attention in the picture, is of modern erection, occupying the site of the old "King's seat," which for ages formed an object of wonder and reverence for the German people. Though a small structure it covered a portion of four principalities—the electorates of Mayence, Treves and Cologne, and the palatinate of the Rhine. It was a plain octagonal building, consisting of a frieze supported by eight pillars, with a small pillar in the centre. On the top were seats for the Electors, emblazoned with the arms of their principalities, and one in the centre for the Emperor, on which were the Imperial arms. On this platform some of the mightiest deliberations of the German Empire were held, and in the record of the inauguration of Henry the VII. (of the house of Luxembourg,) as Emperor, in the year 1308, it is spoken of as a place which had been for a long time devoted to public ceremonies. Here it was that the imbecile Emperor Wenceslas was deposed, and many other important steps taken by the Electors, "with no canopy save that of heaven." The French revolutionary army levelled it as savoring of royalty, and for years the only relic of the place was a heap of stones in a potato field. Sic transit gloria mundi.

OBERLAHNSTEIN, an old walled town, is now seen on the opposite bank, and gives a good idea of the appearance of a fortified burgh in the middle ages. It is mentioned by Ausonius in his poem on the Moselle, as celebrated for the beauty of its site and the salubrity of its air.

THE LAHN, which has passed through the fertile duchy of Nassau and its capital, now discharges itself into the Rhine, at the foot of a hill surmounted by the ruins of LAHNECK CASTLE, once a fortress of the Knight Templars. Twelve knights of the order once heroically defended the whole castle against a whole army, and their prowess is still narrated by the peasants.

NIEDERLAHNSTEIN, on the opposite bank of the Lahn, is surrounded by fertile meadows and rich orchards, forming one of the finest agricultural landscapes in

the world.

St. John's Church lifts its ruined tower from the thick foliage—it is said to have been reduced to its present dilapidated state by a stupid lawsuit about titles, which lasted fifty years and ate up all its revenues.

On moves the beautiful landscape, disclosing new charms every moment, portrayed with great fidelity and beauty. Horcheim is a small village on the frontiers of Prussia, and, passing the island of Oberworth, we come to Pfaffendorf, overlooked by the battlements of Fort William Henry.

### SECTION III.

EHRENBREITSTEIN! "The broad-stone of Honor." What an appropriate name for that proud fortress, the Gibraltar of Germany, which rises before us, and is connected with the city of Coblentz by a bridge of boats. The earliest name by which this most impregnable of fortifications is recognized in history, is Hermanni Petra, after archbishop Hermann, who destroyed a castle built on the summit in the time of the Emperor Julian, and completed a fortification on its site in 1150. It has since

experienced the vicissitudes common to the times, and at one time, in 1799, the garrison held out so long that catflesh sold for twenty-five cents a pound. The French at
last obtained possession, but before leaving it, blew up
the works, so that it remained in ruins until after 1814,
when the King of Prussia devoted to its reconstruction
his share of the contribution which France was compelled to pay the allies. Byron saw it while dismantled,
and thus speaks of it in his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

"Here Ehrenbreitstein with her shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast upon her height,
Yet shows of what she was, when shot and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light;
A tower of victory, from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
But peace destroyed what war could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain —
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain."

There is a large Prussian garrison in the fortress, and when we were in Coblentz, we did not miss a single morning's parade. The infantry were a fine corps, with their well padded blue frock coats, and antique shaped helmets; they manœuvred with great precision, right foot forward, like so many machines, and marched with a firm step and free carriage. The men were young, uncommonly neat, well set up, with full blue eyes, which shone with contentment; their condition is in fact desirable, as they are not subject to corporeal punishment, and their monthly allowance of \$5.66 supplies them with better food than most of the peasants can procure, leaving a trifle for beer and tobacco. Their officers appeared to treat them with great kindness, probably increased by their recollections of the military schools, where the pupils, in addition to a thorough course of mathematical studies, are compelled to do duty as privates. They then receive subaltern commissions, and rise according to their merit —government keeping a fatherly eye upon their movements; and although the follies of youth are not taken into consideration, the least departure from the character of an honorable man is certain to be properly censured or punished. The yearly pay of the army, exclusive of rations, is, General, \$8,160; Colonel, \$1,977; Major, \$1,222; Captain, \$806; Lieutenant, \$244; Sergeant, \$70; Corporal, \$47; Private, \$20. After a service of a certain number of years, retiring officers and soldiers are entitled to a pension; unless, as is the general custom, they are installed in some vacant civil appointment. The entire annual expense of cach foot soldier is estimated at \$42.96; and that of the cavalry, including horse-feed, \$143.84; so that the maximum of force is

maintained with the minimum of expense.

Every Prussian is forced to acquire a thorough knowledge of the principles of war. At the age of 20, if he enters the regular army for three years, he is exempt from further scrvice, unless in case of invasion-otherwise he serves, between the ages of 20 and 32, three years in the first division of the Landwehr or militia. The second division of this corps embraces all between 32 and 39 years of age, who are exercised about as much as our militia; and the Landsturm, or army of emergency, consists of every man in the country between 17 and 50 years of age not enrolled in the army or either division of the Landwehr. This universality of scrvice has completely nationalized the army, and if Tully's doctrine be true, that "all civil affairs, studies, industry, and commerce, lie under the protection of warlike virtues," Prussia is fortunate, for her sons have a marked love for the profession of arms. They like that strange uncertainty of life, which takes away all anxious care about any other provision than for the passing day, revel in the clang of arms and the excitement of the march, and if a pipe and pencil are in their tent, they feel that camp a home. In fact, poets are numerous in the ranks, some of their effusions breathing the fiery spirit of Korner's patriotic "Lyre and Sword," and others cherishing attachments, strengthened and refined by absence, that true test of love, which, like the wind, extinguishes small fires, but increases great ones.

This spirit was displayed when the entire poople took part in the Liberation war, to defeat the French, who for

twenty years had so easily routed their hireling armies, that Beranger's stinging reproach—

"En quatre jours on fait une campagne,"

was true enough. It would be well if the English, instead of egotistically giving Wellington the entire eredit of overthrowing Napoleon, would recall the Duke's own words to his biographer,—"remember, I recommend you to leave the battle of Waterloo as it is," and to bestow a large portion of the laurels upon the German people, who took the field with a solemn pledge to

"Strike for their altars and their fires, God—and their native land."

Napoleon himself justly observed, that it was not the coalition, and, especially, not the German Princes, who defeated him, but the power of *liberal ideas*, animating a warlike people.

NEUWIED, carries a traveller in imagination to the United States, everything bearing a fresh white-paint look, altogether unlike the antiquated towns in the vicinity. Compared with these, Neuwicd is a modern settlement, but little more than a century having elapsed since Prince Alexander invited persons of all religious persuasions to settle here, under promise of perfect toleration. The result was, that Protestants, Jews and Catholies, of some dozen different sects, have since lived together in perfect harmony—" children of the same parent," subjects of the same moral government, candidates alike for a future state—they are taught to reflect that the articles in which they agree are of infinitely greater importance than those on which they differ, and that the minutiæ of speeulative opinions cannot annihilate the primary duty of brotherly love.

The most numerous denomination is the Moravian Brethren, or Hernhuters, whose establishment numbers upwards of five hundred, all busily employed, besides as many more pupils in a school directed by the community. The sexes are nearly equal in number, and are only separated during those hours dedicated to repose, or their

different occupations-taking their repasts in common as one great family. The children's dormitory, and the schools where they remain until old enough to labor, were very interesting. A young or new member chooses a profession suited to his talents or taste, and the fruit of all goes into the general fund, from which every necessary want is supplied. He can study with philosophers or work in the manufactories, but whether he gives his attention to astronomy or pipe-making, is expected to dedicate certain hours each day towards the success of his labors. Where two of the young people wish to marry, their parents make it known to the superiors, and should no obstacle exist, they are married with great ceremony before the whole community. They then have an apartment allotted to them in the building dedicated to the married sisters, and go on pursuing their separate occupations as before. Any one insisting on leaving, receives a sufficient supply of moncy for two years' support, but cannot under any circumstances be again received. There is only one instance of a withdrawal-a young and enthusiastic brother, the orphan of a Pole who had died in exile, leaving his child to the fraternity. His genius had led him to become an artist, and he was rapidly gaining reputation, when the last revolution broke out, "calling to Warsaw all her patriot sons "-too many of them, like the young Hernhuter, destined to fall before the Russian hordes.

The Museum contains a valuable collection of natural history, made by Prince Maximilian, during his travels in America, but not in very good preservation. At the palace is a collection of Roman antiquities, from the site of Victoria, a city destroyed by the Germans in the fourth century, in which mirrors, bracelets, ear-rings and other female trinkets show that the gentler sex were as

coquettish then as now.

The Teufelshaus, now in ruins, was erected by a Prince of Neuwied, who was once the terror of the country round:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Doing his evil will not less elate Than mightier heroes of a longer date."

and threw a line of *chevaux-de-frise* across the river, to shipwreek passing vessels. The Lord Bishop of Cologne at last interfered, and hung him from the highest turret of his eastle, since which, his Satanic Majesty has held nightly revels in the deserted halls.

"Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,
With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence
Of jutting battlements: an age's toil!
No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
Of blazing taper through its windows beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave;
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wintry tempest, cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful through the empty halls,
And piecemeal crumble down the towers to dust."

HAMMERSTEIN CASTLE, now a pile of ruins, takes its name from its founder, Charles Martel (the Hammer). The upper and lower villages of Hammerstein, insignificant as they now appear, were once large places, and the upper town was strongly fortified. When pedestrianizing in those parts, we stopped one morning at a house near the river bank to breakfast. German was then to us as a sealed book, and after a vigorous pantomime, accompanied by nearly every French, English, and Latin word that we had ever heard applied to food, we rejoiced to find that the woman understood "milk," for she pointed to a cow. We gave her a bowl, with which she disappeared, leaving us to wonder whether we should have a supply of the lactic fluid, or be served as the lady was, who, when in a similar position, asked for a chicken. "It's a live creature," said she, "a bird—a bard—a beard—a hen—a hone—a fowl—a fool—a fool it's all covered with feathers - fathers - feeders -"Hall, hall!" cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a eatehword, "Ja, ja, fedders,—ja wohl!" Away she went, and in half an hour returned triumphantly, with a bundle of stationers' quills. We were kept so long in suspense that we began to fear an equally ludierous misunderstanding, but at last had our bowl of milk set before us, smoking hot, for the

good woman had probably heard that such was the

French custom, and boiled it.

Lintz is a very ancient place, created a city and surrounded with walls in 1330 by the Electors of Cologne, on which it was dependent. In 1635 Archbishop Englebert erected a castle near the river, in order to collect tolls on the passing boats, and to prevent the sanguinary encounters that so frequently occurred between the inhabitants of Andernach and Lintz. The animosity between the two towns inspired such mutual hatred that neither youth nor beauty could assuage it, and the young neighbors never intermarried — but of late years the torch of Hymen has entirely supplanted that of Bellona. We now see, in the foreground of Champney's picture,

rich fields waving with golden grain, which the peasants are busy harvesting, and so natural do these peasants appear, that we are almost tempted to pull out our phrase-book, and have a chat with them. There is not much information though to be extracted from a German in the lower classes of life, for although Prussia has done more than any other nation in the world for universal education, her working-people are in the rear-rank of civiliza-The best explanation of this paradox which we have seen, is by the author of the Rural and Domestic Life of Germany, who accuses the government of neglecting to supply the people with intellectual aliment as fast as their minds are prepared by education to receive it. The construction of their language renders it impossible for a man of ordinary education to comprehend their best authors; cheap reprints of useful knowledge are unknown, and the strict censure to which the newspapers are subjected, prevents their discussing political and social questions calculated to rouse the reasoning faculties. All parents who are unable to educate their children at home, are bound by law to send them to school as soon as they are five years of age, and masters their apprentices at seven — to remain until they are fourteen, unless the inspectors are satisfied that they have previously gone through the whole elementary course. This consists of the spirit and precepts of Chris-tianity, the German language, the elements of geometry

and drawing, arithmetic, writing, geography, history, especially that of Prussia, and the elements of Physics interspersed with singing of a religious character, gymnastics, and a careful inculcation of sentiments of obedienee to the laws and fidelity to the sovereign. the winter the school is open all day, in summer from six in the morning until eleven, after which the pupils join the rest of their families in the fields—and it is very rare that they pursue their studies after having passed the requisite course. "They have no time, and no inclination," and although with us universal education "sets all heads on fire, turns ploughmen into poets, fillers of carts and fellers of wood into philosophers, millers into metaphysicians, and patchers of soles of shoes into preachers to souls of men: there is not a glimpse of such an effervesence in Germany. The working people areartisans and yeomen, and nothing more." Whether they are happier than if in a continual state of agitation, figuring in the papers as members of committees of three and sub-committees of nine, and supporting a pareel of drones who live by preaching popular crusades, is a question which we have neither the ability or the disposition to discuss.

The romantic Ahr now glides into Father Rhine, having passed through many a rich meadow since it left the rugged district called "La petite Suisse," where it

takes its rise.

The basaltic rock called the ERPELER-LEI is next seen, with the village of ERPEL at its base, so famous for its Leywein or white wine. The hill-side here seems one vineyard, in which the peasants are placed as were our first parents, "to dress and keep it." They have blasted such masses from the basaltic face of the precipitous bank, seven hundred feet in height, as to form a series of terraces, which enable them to put in every cleft a basket, containing sufficient earth to nourish a grape vine. It is estimated that the vines thus placed would cover a level space of 125 acres; the rocks being black, absorb such a quantity of heat that the grapes attain a far greater degree of maturity than those in the plains below. When we were last there, the recent rains had washed away a portion of the earth from the baskets,

which the peasants were replacing with the industry of the inhabitants of an injured ant-hill—toiling up the steep ladders from crag to crag, with heavy baskets strapped on their backs. Three quarters of them were women — thick-set, ugly creatures, with their braided hair hanging down their backs; and bare ancles, of such a size that their earnings can never be sufficient to purchase the requisite extent of hosiery. As a dozen young girls passed us, each bending under a good wheelbarrow load of earth, we could but recall the well-dressed, intelligent operatives in our factories, and regret that some of those who would sacrifice everything in order to make us an exclusively agricultural people, were not with us to make the comparison. These girls gained about sixteen cents a day, each; their ordinary food is black bread, with sour curds, a salad, and once or twice a week a small bit of meat; and their homes small houses, which are cheerless and nasty, in a most superlative degree. The vines were neatly trimmed, and tied with straw to the withes against the rock; and we noticed that in hoeing them, a heavy top dressing was turned under.

It is in this vicinity that enormous rafts are built, the produce of the forests which cover the remote hills and mountains traversed by the Rhine and its tributaries, the Neckar, the Murg, the Main, the Moselle, etc., etc. They are first hurled down, in single logs, from the almost inaccessible heights where they have grown and have been felled, and are committed to some rushing mountain rivulet whenever its waters, swelled by rain or melting snow, suffice to float them. If the tree escape unshattered from the rocks, against which it is dashed by the stream, it is caught, bound together with other logs, and again set afloat, till it is eonveyed by the tributary rivulet into the recipient river, and reaches other stations on its banks, where it is again enlarged, and entrusted to the care of boatmen to navigate. It may thus bear the same motto as the snow-ball, vires acquirit eundo, until, on reaching this part of the river, it is carefully consolidated, and

sent down to Holland.

The rowers and workmen on board one of these rafts often number four or five hundred, inhabiting huts which give it the appearance of a floating village. They are

often, (says a traveller,) accompanied by their wives and families; poultry, pigs, and other animals are to be found on board—and several butchers are attached to the suite. A well-supplied boiler is at work night and day in the kitchen; the dinner-hour is announced by a basket stuck on a pole, at which signal the pilot gives the word of command, and the workmen run from all quarters to receive their messes. The consumption of provision in the voyage to Holland is almost incredible; sometimes amounting to 20,000 or 30,000 lbs. of bread; 10,000 or 12,000 lbs. of fresh, besides a quantity of salted meat; and butter, vegetables, etc., in proportion. The expenses are so great, that a large capital is necessary to undertake a raft.

A Band of Pilgrims, marehing barefooted in the dust, is a common sight in this section, and Champney has portrayed to the life this fragment of the life of the middle ages. The women and girls, it will be seen, have carefully pinned up the skirts of their dresses, disclosing their many colored petticoats, and the mothers carry their infants in their arms. They are of every age, these votaries of St. Appollonarius, from the infants to that gray-haired patriarch with his staff, wallet, and leathern gaiters—the types of the peasants in the etchings of "Holbein's Dance of Death." When they have arrived at the old church of Remagen, and kissed the skull of St. Appollonarius, they take boats, and float down with the current to their homes, chanting anthems. Most pleasantly does the rich harmony of their voices strike upon the ear!

These Pilgrims are Roman Catholics, and it may not be amiss here to speak of the secessions from that Church on the banks of the Rhine, which is, from what we could learn there, a semi-political movement. True, the seceders have detached themselves entirely from the errors of the Romanists; but, instead of adopting a ereed, they declare that Religion is to be defined in the Scriptures alone—that it is essentially progressive—and that it should change its teachings "as often," to borrow the language of Shroch, "as new views require it." This makes Christianity a philosophy, whose systems are to be aban-

doned in behalf of others, as fast as they are broached by the uneasy spirit of sceptic inquiry, which, in multiplying schools of theology, loses sight of the primitive faith and apostolic character of the original Church. The same preachers who call upon the people to throw off the trammels of Catholicism, inculcate the principles of a Rationalism which regards the advent of the Saviour, and the doctrine of Revelation, as merely intended for our instruction in ecrtain principles, the truth of which uninspired human reason would alone, in process of time, have been able to establish. Many of them hold out, in addition, the idea, that as all men are equal heirs to the hopes of immortality, they should be equal on earth—a eause for secession, which should entitle them to little sympathy from Ultra-Protestantism, for it makes the matter a merc political affair. At the bottom of it are eertain demagogues, who, to use the words of Luther, "regard the whole as a farce, to be played for their own advantage. It is, however, a tragedy in which Satan tri-umphs, and God is humbled."

The glorious Siebengebrige, or Seven Mountains, now bursts upon the river, presenting—

"A blending of all beauties; streams and dells, Fruit, foliage, erag, wood, cornfield, mountain, wine, And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells, From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells."

On the right hand the bank gradually slopes from the waters-edge, chequered with orchards and wheat patches, vineyards and potato-fields, farm-houses and hamlets, churches and grain-stacks, in such varied regularity as to remind one of the calico bed-quilts which Yankee girls used to make in good old times, when the hum of the spinning-wheel had not been supplanted by the Polka. And from the midst of this smiling scene rises abruptly the majestic Drachenfels, thus immortalized by Byron—

"The castled crag of Drachenfels Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine, Whose breast of waters broadly swells Between the banks which bear the vine, And hills all rieh with blossom'd trees, And fields which promise eorn and wine, And scatter'd eities erowning these, Whose far white walls along them shine, Have strew'd a seene, which I should see With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud deeay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to elasp in mine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!"

The tradition giving the origin of the name of Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, states that onee upon a time the mountain was inhabited by a dragon, whose den still To this monster the people paid divine honors, and pampered his rapacious appetite with human victims, who were usually selected from the enemies taken during their predatory wars. It chanced that, among other eaptives, a lovely virgin of high birth, who had become a Christian, fell into their hands. Her surpassing beauty excited ardent feelings of love in two of the younger chiefs, who disputed possession of her charms. The elders of the assembly, fearing that an object of so much loveliness might engender discord and animosity, doomed the hapless maiden as an offering to their dreaded Clothed in white — meet emblem of her purity and erowned with a roseate wreath, she was conducted before the morning's dawn to the mountain, and her fair and delieate form bound to the fatal oak, before which

was a stone that served for an altar. As soon as the rising sun had gilded the lofty crags of Drachenfels, and emitted a faint ray of light into the monster's cavern, with sinuous and scaly body, and wide-extended mouth, he writhed towards his prey. A large concourse of people had flocked from the surrounding country to witness the tragic spectacle; and few hearts were found unmoved with compassion at the fate of the innocent and unhappy victim. She, the source of their commiseration, with beaming eyes steadfastly fixed on the heavens, and her hands devoutly upraised, seemed to await, with silent and pious resignation, her impending destruction. dire enemy approached, feeling already the baneful influence of his pestilential breath, she drew from her bosom a small crucifix, and held with firm yet humble confidence, the image of the Saviour opposed to the attack of her sanguinary destroyer. In a moment the dragon's advance was arrested; recoiling with horror and affright, and sending forth dreadful hissings and hideous yells, he precipitated himself into the profound abyss of the neighboring forests, and was never seen or heard of more. It was owing to this pious maiden, thus miraculously saved, that the Drachenfels became changed from a mountain of idolatry to a stronghold of Christianity, where those who had been converted by the miracle worshipped.

ROLANDSECK, on the left bank, is, with the beautiful island of Nonnerworth opposite, the scene of Schiller's Ritter Toggenburg, although the poet transferred it to Switzerland. Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, when on his travels, fell in love with Hildegunde, daughter of a noble baron, and before leaving for the Crusades, found that his passion was reciprocated. Some time afterwards, a knight brought the news of his death, and the disconsolate maiden entered the convent of Frauenworth, on the island, obtaining a dispensation which abridged her noviciate. The day after she took the black veil, Roland returned to claim her hand, having been a prisoner among the Saracens—and his joyous demand to see his affianced bride, wrung from her father's heart, in reply:

"Die ihr suchet, tragt den Schleier, Ist des Himmels Braut. Gestern war des Tages Feier, Der sie Gott getraut." "She thou seekest wears the veil, and has become the bride of Heaven. Yesterday morning witnessed the

ceremony that betrothed her to God."

The disconsolate Paladin built a hermitage on the basaltic cliff overlooking the nunnery, where he passed his life in gazing on its walls. One day he saw a funcral, which a voice whispered was that of his beloved. His presentiment proved true—and on the second morning afterwards he was found dead on his wonted seat—his eyes turned

towards the grave of Hildegunde.

NONNENWORTH ISLAND is the seat of an old convent, now an inn. Imagine, gentle reader, the arched eyebrow of a lovely woman to be the overhanging Drachenfelsthe pure white ball beneath to be the smiling river, firinged by the willows on its banks—the radiant pupil to be an island, basking on the surface—and then the bright iris in the centre will give you an idea of the situation of the Convent of Frauenworth, where we were greeted with that warm welcome which the poet says is, alas! so peculiar to inn-keepers. The island, which contains about 100 acres, is as beautiful as was the famed residence of Blenerhasset, on the Ohio, and was selected as a religious site in the early part of the eleventh century, with the good taste which all must admit ever guides the Catholics, who seem properly to think that the fairest spots on earth should be devoted to the service of its Creator. For centuries, the Cisterian sisterhood added to their massive home, to which the monks came from afar on pious pilgrimage, during Lent, their penances, lightened by the fine carp which were taken at the very door of the refectory; and great was the dismay of the Lady Abbess, when, one morning, her holy guests were unceremoniously expelled by a roisterous band of French grenadiers, who saucily requested her to follow suite with the nuns, au nom de l' Empereur. Luckily, she remembered that one of the sisters had often spoken of important services rendered to Josephine, and the two set out post haste for Paris, where they threw themselves at the feet of the empress, beseeching her all-powerful intercession. As usual, the wily Creole subjugated the conqueror of nations, and obtained permission for the nuns to remain undisturbed in their possessions, until the last

survivor had been ejected by death. For twenty years the Abbess presided over her decimated flock, in their "banquet hall deserted;" but, after her death, the few survivors sold their interest, and the cstablishment was converted into a hotel, whose landlord has had the good sense to leave the arrangement of the house unchanged. Our room there was a cell, which had probably been the dormitory of many a jilted coquette or repentant Magdalen, fitted up so snugly that we have since been inclined to let the admirers of Germany translate behaglichkeit into English as comfort—though a word which has no equivalent in French. Down stairs was a well stocked library, from which we would take Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine as a companion, and pass many an hour in a summerhouse, on the river bank. It was refreshing to follow his portraiture of the tide of human affections, unckecked by ingratitude, and unsullied by impurity, flowing in as full and clear a current as that beneath us, while the beautiful scene around was brought out in a bold relief by the light of genius.

## SECTION IV.

HAVING seen the German or right bank of the Rhine, from Mayence down to the Seven Mountains, we will now cross the stream, and gaze at the left bank, which

the French would fain call their own.

Andernach first attracts our attention — a picturesque old city, occupying the site of Antoniacum, one of the fifty fortified places erected along the Rhine by Drusus Germanicus. It still retains its battlemented wall of the middle ages, with a massive circular tower on the river side, rendered familiar to the world by Stanfield, Harding, and a host of other landscape painters. The houses are oaken frames, filled up with clay and brickwork, with grotesquely carved ornaments, small leaden sash windows, projecting gables, and broad door-stones, from which,

when there, we began to think that we should be forced to select a soft one for a night's resting place; for the German peasants affect great contempt for those who cannot speak *Deutsch*, and would not divine our pantomimic inquiries for a hotel. At last a kind old woman, who perhaps had a wandering son, took compassion on us and led the way, with an encouraging smile, to a snug inn, where we found in the common sitting-room quite a number of intelligent looking young men, several of whom spoke French with tolerable fluency. We learned from one of them that it was the Herberge of the Gildwesen of saddlers, and that the company were all Gesellen, or young workmen on their Wanderscraft. This is a pilgrimage of four years, which every German mechanic is obliged to make after serving his apprenticeship, working in the various places through which he passes, in conformity to the laws of his Gildwesen, or Guild, and returning with expanded ideas to his home. Their itinerary only embraces Germany, but many go beyond it, and several of those with whom we supped had visited Paris and London — in fact they resembled our old school journeyman printers.

The history of Andernach is extremely interesting, particularly during the old German civil wars. On one occasion some free-lancers took a beautiful nun from a convent of noble ladies, and having stripped off her clothes, annointed her with honey — they then rolled her in feathers, and seating her astride of the tallest horse in the city, with her face towards his tail, they escorted her through the streets with jeers and scoffs. When the Emperor took the place, shortly afterwards, he punished the perpetrators of this unmanly outrage by ordering them

to be thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil.

We have before alluded to the feuds between the burghers of Lintz and their neighbors. At Andernach a sermon was preached annually in the market place, on St. Bartholomew's day, villifying the inhabitants of Lintz, and such an excitement prevailed, that, had any unfortunate stranger made his appearance from Lintz, he would have undoubtedly become a victim of their fury.

The fertile region about Andernach is evidently of volcanic origin, and the inhabitants live by getting out the

lava in different forms, from different quarries. At one it is basaltic, and worked into mill-stones, which are exported in large quantities - not far off, the volcanic ashes have so incorporated themselves with the mud of a dried-up lake as to form tufa, which, when ground and mixed with lime, makes trass, the water-cement used by the Dutch in constructing their dykes - from a third quarry are eut slabs of a compact, sonorous stone, which resists fire, and is called oven-stone - while eoffins, cut from a fourth, so absorb the moisture of human bodies placed in them, that the Romans gave them the name of Sarcophagi, or flesh-eonsumers. Traces of these ancient rulers are very eommon on the Rhine, and almost every little village has its Roman Museum, often containing curious relies. Among other objects generally found buried near the stations, are piles of oyster shells, showing that the bivalve delicacy was as highly prized by the legions of Cæsar as at the present day; for it must have been very expensive to have obtained them from the sea coast

Passing the Island of Neuwied, the shore is a sueeession of beautiful fields and rich wooded plains, and we soon arrive at the spot where Cæsar erossed the Rhine. and where the bold French revolutionary army effected a passage seventeen centuries afterwards, in 1797. The commander, who defeated a large Austrian force posted to oppose his passage, was Hoche, who, says Byron, "was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, until Napoleon monopolized her triumphs." The son of the King's kennel-keeper at Versailles, he was fortunate enough to have a kind old maiden aunt, who saved enough from her profits as huckster to give him a tolerable education. Like young Norval, he "heard of battles," and at sixteen entered a regiment of the line, passing his time, when off duty, in embroidering smoking caps, from the sale of which he accumulated a considerable military library. A careful study of this soon gained him promotion, and he rose by successive steps to the command of an army sent by the Convention against the Vendean insurgents, where by skilful guerilla tactics, he soon ended a warfare in which several armies had been mowed down in their ranks, as were the British in the Lexington retreat. He then attempted an invasion of

Ireland, which was unsuccessful, and his escape on board of la Fraternite is one of History's most interesting pages. The command of the forces on the Rhenish frontier afforded him an opportunity of regaining his laurels, and, instead of waiting to repel the Imperial forces, he resolved to carry the war to the opposite bank. A bridge of boats was thrown to an island in the middle of the river — that was fortified — and the bridge was then continued across, under a galling fire from the entrench-These were carried at the point of the bayonet, and it is recorded that Capt. Gros, who led the forlorn hope, having his right arm shattered by a grape-shot, grasped his sabre with his left hand, and led his men to Two days afterwards, Hoche was seized with a disease occasioned by excessive fatigue, which soon hurried him to the grave, in his thirtieth year. Overlooking the scene of his glory stands an obelisk, on one face of which is simply recorded:

# L'ARMEE DE SAMBRE ET MEUSE A SON GENERAL HOCHE.

As we were landing near this monument, we were overtaken by a party of the gesellen with whom we had supped the night previous, carrying their heavy knapsacks without any apparent effort, and stepping off at a pace which we found it no easy matter to keep up. They were accompanied by several tailors, one of whom had worked two years at Paris, that he might attend the philosophical lectures at the Sorbonne, and had imbibed their infidel sophistry to an extent that would have gladdened the heart of Heinrich Heine, the high priest of German radical transcendentalism. A more intelligent person we have seldom encountered, and we soon entered into an interesting discussion on the Sclavonic theories of Mitzkiavitch, which was interrupted, to our great surprise, by the approach of a post-carriage, to whose occupants the young controvertist humbly took off his cap, and held it out with a solicitation for a few kreutsers. "You may think this strange," said he, after his benefactors had passed, "but it is customary for travelling mechanics and students to solicit assistance—even Luther writes that he

was wont, when young, to beg his way from house to house, particularly at his native place."

Approaching Coblentz, through a country which is a

perfect garden, the traveller sees-

"A small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of a verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our cnemies—but let not that forbid
Honor to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

"Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
His mourners were two hosts—his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger, lingering here,
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

Passing on through Neuendorf, called "the kitchen garden" of Coblentz, we leave behind the silver willows and poplars which form shady groves in the emerald meadows, and over "the blue Moselle," with its bridge of arched stone.

COBLENTZ, a name from the Roman, confluentes, as it was called, because it stands at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, is a strongly fortified city. It is the depot of the Moselle wine, a light flavored variety of what we collectively call Hock, whose delicate aroma fills any room in which a bottle is opened, and is cited by Ausonius as reminding him of the wines of his own country—

"Amnis odorifero juga vitea consiste Baccho."

The Schwartzberg, which is the brand most prized, sells at 72 cts. a bottle, and the Braunenburg, Pizorter, Zehtingen and Grach, vary from 25 to 60 cents. One firm have always a stock of 500,000 bottles on hand, in large tuns, ranged around a cellar the Duchess of Rutland says, in her tour, an English four horse coach could drive around

in; rather a suspicious commentary on the lives of the Jesuits, under whose ancient monastery it is built; but the temperance vow, like that of chastity, is never very strictly observed by the disciples of Loyola. Coblentz has also some commerce in Seltzer water; but the military occupation prevents any extensive traffic, and excites the due indignation of all peaceful utilitarians, as an exemplification of the evils incidental to a warlike attitude. "Wherever I turn my eyes," says one in his Jeremiad, "I behold the appearances of armed force. Instead of seeing a town generously unbosoming itself with ample quays on the Rhine and Moselle, I perceive high looped walls rising along the margins of these fine deep waters, absolutely shutting out commerce, and leaving a petty traffic from a few boats to be carried on by a kind of sufferance, at a quay of trifling dimensions, situated near the central outlet from the town. Instead of seeing a town stretching freely away into the country behind, and possessing environs embellished with the villas of gentry and merchants, I perceive a closely packed cluster of streets, bounded by ramparts and ditches, and guarded with cannon. Amidst such emblems of barbarism and violence, it excites no surprise to see thoroughfares, mean, foul, and swarming with a miserable population-even the more elegant and modern parts of the town are marked by certain symptoms of neglect and

An amusing commentary on the uncertainty of war, is inscribed on a fountain, at Coblentz, erected by the French during their occupation of the town, in 1812.—Napoleon, passing through the city, on his Russian expedition, the Prefect thought proper to commemorate the event by an inscription, which also anticipated success; and when the Russians came back as victors, instead of fleeing as vanquished, their commander, instead of obliterating it, added his visé, in the approved style of the French passport offices, so that the whole reads thus:

Anno MDCCCXII. Memorable par le Campagne Contre les Russes.

Sous la Prefecture de Jules Doazan.

Vu et approve par nous, Commandant Russe de la ville de Coblentz, le 1 Janvier, 1814.

"Seen and approved by us, the Russian Commandant of the town of Coblentz, the 1st of January, 1814," a sarcastic appendix, rendered doubly obnoxious to the French by the cutting recollection, that the Russians were commanded by M. de Saint Priest, a Parisian Bourbonist. Three months afterwards, another French emigré, M. de Langeron, carried the heights of Montmarte at the head of a Russian column, both having previously served against their country, under the command of a more distinguished renegade, Bernadotte, who beat Ney at Dennewitz, and caused Napoleon to lose the battle of Leipsic.

Fort Alexander, which commands the city, occupies the site of Chartreuse, where Archbishop Hellinus established a colony of Benedictine monks in 1153, who yielded their beautiful locality to the Carthusians in 1334. Below it is Fort Constantine, and on the river-bank we see the Electoral palace, which is now frequently inhabited by Frederie William, King of Prussia. The bridge of boats

was erected in 1819.

OBERWORTH is a large and fertile island, where a eonvent of nuns selected from noble families was erected

in 1143, but has long since been secularized.

The river-bank now becomes lofty and steep, leaving barely space for a road along the water's edge, and the richest beauties of nature are spread out with a lavish hand. Champney's transfer of them to canvas is faithful indeed, and one familiar with the scene can recognize the massive nut-trees, the orchards, and the fields which met his admiring gaze.

Kappellen is a picturesque little village, behind which, half hidden by the foliage, we see on the hill-side the castle of Stolzenfels, whose commanding situation won for it this appellation—signifying *Proud Rock*. It

is one of the numerous fortresses built by the Arehbishop of Treves, but was destroyed by the French in 1688, and after having been vainly offered for sale at seventy dollars by the Coblentzers, they patriotically gave it to the present King of Prussia, then erown prince. enthusiastic admiration for works of antiquity, led him to restore it to its primitive condition, and it now stands, with its spires and gothie tracery, as fine a work of art as ever eame from the hands of the original builders-a Cologne lodge of Free-masons, men who evidently were well versed in the speculative as well as the operative branches of their art, for we find many a "sign and token" of the eraft in the quaint seulptured ornaments. There is on the front, a large freseo painting representing the visit of an English Princess, in the olden time—and it was here, in 1845, that Queen Victoria was the guest of the Prussian King. One of the wings was for several years inhabited by a party of alehymists, who vainly sought to find the philosopher's stone, under the direction of an Arehbishop of Treves.

The ruined Tower of St. John's Church now presents itself, between the trees which line the rich fields of grain in the foreground. Rhense is seen on the opposite bank, and now the whole extent of the eanvas is filled with a giant group of nut-trees, the foliage hanging in most luxuriant masses, a thick verdant eanopy, borne up by many a strong branch. The fruit is what we call the "English walnut," and the peasants manufacture an oil from it, which they use on their salad, or for cooking.

The German students say that Mr. Howitt's book on them is a tissue of falsehoods, the details of which were furnished by one Cornelius, a dismissed usher. The other descriptions of "student life" which have fallen under our observation have completely idealized it, and their clubs, instead of ennobling their members, seemed to us to increase the artificiality of their behavior, estrange them from civilized society, and, consequently, merge all individuality in one common character, extravagant, cecentric, quarrelsome, and intemperate. During the two first years spent at the University, they do nothing but "go los," or fight duels, drink beer, smoke pipes, and conjure up vague notions of freedom. The next year they

study hard, pass their examinations, and receive their degrees—ignorant all this time of social society or practical life. Going forth into the world they see their errors—the bright dreams conceived of restoring the Teutonic Empire to its pristine glory fade away, and their fiery hearts are tamed by the cheerless reality of actual life. A few years pass, and they are peaceful, conservative citizens, phlegmatically opposing all ideas of political liberty—the very antipodes of the roistering sots, with scarified cheeks or sliced noses, who have succeeded them at the University. These, in their turn, drain the burschen cup to its very dregs, and then become sober Philistines, as their fathers have before them, although, occasionally, the gravest German lets slip a slang phrase, and the highest compliment he can pay to a distinguished person is, "he is a matadore."

We well remember a dinner at which we once "assisted" (as the French would say), in a kneipe, or student's room. The proprietor was a young man whose face was seamed with two ghastly scars, his long hair floated in tuxurious negligence over his shoulders, a velvet frock coat, covered with braid, was without form or comeliness, while a pair of buckskins and high postillion's boots, completed his costume. It would be a hard matter, though, to give an idea of the scene of revelry, particularly the vein of poetry and chivalry which ran through the medley of boasting, swearing, and singing. The songs themselves were stirring even to us, who had but a faint idea of their meaning, especially one, at the last verse of which every man thrust his cap upon a sword held by the senior, and then laid his hand upon it as he took the oath.

It runs somewhat thus:

"Come, rejoice with heart and voice, Mingle in the solemn strain; Hark! I sing of songs the song; Brother Germans! loud and long Swell the chorus once again.

German sons! in the fullest tones
Chant the great, the sacred word,
Fatherland—thou land of story,
For thine altars and thy glory
Guard thou us, and our good sword.

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Life and all, we at thy call,
Vow to thee, in time of need;
Glad shall hail the battle hour—
Smile on wounds—defy death's power
If our Fatherland should bleed.

He who knows not—he who shows not
German worth, in aet and word,
We his shame will never share—
On no rapier shall he swear—
Deseerate no German sword.

Hymn again the solemn strain,
Brothers, great and German be;
Lo! the consecrated steel
Feels as all brave Bursehes feel—
Pieree the eap—'t is of the free.

Proudly gleam, with gladdening beam, Rapier—none shall dare profane; See, we pieree the cap, and swear Country, honor, to revere, Bursches without spot or stain.

The chivalrous patriotism breathed in every line of this spirited ode is confined, so far as we were enabled to judge while in Germany, to the ideal students. The more practical mass prefer das leben, or the actual, and aware that the national importance of the Vaterland is destroyed by its numerous conflicting sub-divisions, they look with envy upon the more centralized governments which surround them. It is owing to this that the Germans make the best emigrants, for they have no tics of loyalty to sever, and, although their innate amor patrice may remain, phlegmatically bow their necks to a foreign The same feeling leads them to look with indifference upon all domestic scencry, to prefer the French literature and language, and to seek inspiration in other lands and ages-faults which a recent English writer says are gaining in America.

Revenons au Panorama. The picturesque hills now eombine the stern and lovely, the grand and beautiful, while their ever-varying slopes are dotted with trees, whose leaves, clad in the rich livery of autumn, tinge the whole landscape with glowing colors.

NIEDERSPEY and OBERSPEY are two trim little villages, and now, in the foreground, we see the vineyards, with peasants busily engaged in the vintage. Tubs filled with the clustering fruit are being wheeled to the village, and baskets of it erown the heads of peasant girls. After the grapes are trodden out in the vineyards quite in the primitive style, and the great tubs are afterwards drawn through the streets at the vintage feast, turned down, so as to show the erimson stain of the grape-juice, which in new, white wood, has a very pretty effect. The yellowish, or brownish color of German wine in America, comes with age, (perhaps from the oaken easks in which it is kept) but when new, it fully justifies the Poet's epithet "rosy," or "crimson wine," "blood of the grape," &c.

At the vintage, the whole village is the vineyard — the blue eyes of the peasant girls, sparkling among the vines, speak volumes of love and happiness to their rustic lovers' hearts, and often the laugh at some sly joke, or the sounding chorus of some vintage song, rings upon the traveller's ear. Champney has here given us a delicious episode — an amorous youth decking his loved one with a Bacchanalian wreath, while another fair maiden looks approvingly on. Further on, two graceful maidens, dressed in their gala costumes, are seen descending the vineyard steps, arm in arm, with their luscious burdens — undoubtedly concocting some coquettish plot against the peace of their admirers among the sterner sex.

BOPPART and MARIENBURG are now seen in the distance, enshrined at the base of a glorious array of mountains. The first named city was the Roman station of Bandobriga. It was made an imperial city in the middle ages, and several diets of the empire have been held here. The Gothic erection called Hauptkirche was built in 1200; it is surmounted by two fine spires, which are united by a gallery resembling a bridge. There is also the Carmalitenkirche, an erection of great antiquity, but no beauty. Close behind the town is the great convent of Marienburg, which has been a cotton mill, a girls' school, and is now a medical boarding-house, where the lovers of the water-treatment may be gratified to their hearts' content.

Groups of apple trees are now seen, laden with their golden fruit — they may doubtless seem exaggerated to some, but not to those who have seen the originals bending under their clusters of apples. The sun now declines — the skies assume a ruddy hue — and all nature glows in the rich, warm light.

The RHEINFELS rises proudly in its decay, the light streaming through its broken arches and many ruined windows. This is the largest and decidedly one of the most beautiful ruins on the Rhine; its origin dates so far back as 1245, but it was repaired or rebuilt some century and a half afterwards. In 1692, Marshal Tallard promised to present it to Louis the Fourteenth as a Christmas gift; he laid siege to it with 25,000 men, but the Hessian general, Gortz, so well did his duty that the brag of the marshal could not be carried out. In 1794, the French took it without firing a shot, the garrison having fled like poltroons.

Majesty and grandeur are imprinted on every line of this noble landscape, which Champney has portrayed as he saw it, under the magic influence of departing day. The shadows deepen — twilight steals on — and the old tower of St. Goar is seen reposing quietly in the dim obscurity. In the Catholic church here may be found the image of the saint who gave the place its name, and who afterwards rescued many a boatman who prayed to him, from the enchantments of the Lurlei. We spoke of this Undine as we descended the river, but among the ballads with which Professor Longfellow has kindly furnished Champney, there is one illustrating the spot, which we must give here.

### THE LURLEI.

I know not whence it rises
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening shine,

And yonder sits a maiden
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above.

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this with her magie singing,
The Lore-lei has done!

OBERWESEL receives the parting rays of light, bringing out its old watch-towers and churches. It is an interesting old town, the Vesalia of the Romans, and there are still there many remains of their power. The old church of Our Lady, consecrated in 1331, is a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture, contains many curious decorations, and has richly-sculptured porches and curiously-vaulted cloisters; the choir being 80 feet long, the altar piece of carved wood.

We proceed onward in half obscurity, when suddenly the moon appears coming up from behind the dark truncated walls of the gloomy fortress of Stahleck, once the seat of the proud Electors Palatine. Below, the ruins of St. Werner's chapel catch the silver light.

Bacharach's spire and antiquated watch-towers next appear. The name of this town is said to be derived from *Bacchiara*, the altar of Bacchus, a name given to a rock in the bed of the river, a little below, generally covered with water, but making its appearance in dry scasous, when the water falls several feet. The sight of this rock, it is stated, causes great joy to the wine-growers, for they consider it a sure omen of a good vintage; in other words, it is only seen after a considerable length of dry weather, and that is favorable to the vineyard.

Luna's pale rays silver the roofs and spire of Rhein-

DIEBACH, over which tower the shattered walls of Fursternberg. We are now in the region of the old robber castles!

"There they still stand, as stands a lofty mind, Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd, All tenantless, save to the crannying wind, Or holding dark communion with the cloud. There was a day when they were young and proud, Banners on high, and battles passed below; But they who fought are in a bloody shroud, And those which waved are shredless dust ere now, And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws' conquerors should have,
But History's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolor'd Rhine beneath its ruin run."

SONNECK, (beneath which is the village of Heimbach,) and Falkenberg, are fine specimens of these relics of feudal days, seen, as is the epoch of their glory, in the sombre shadows of darkness.

"But look! the morn in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of you high eastern hill."

RHEINSTEIN, but a few years since in ruins, has risen fresh from decay, with all the characteristics of its antique state. Mr. Kuhn, the architect employed by the King of Prussia, has scrupulously adhered to the details of Teutonic magnificence, and the vision of the tourist

revels in a faithful picture of the "eastled crag," as it

was in the days of its feudal pride.

At BINGEN the sky lights up with bright and glorious day behind the antique eathedral, and the old bridge, with its narrow arches, is mirrored in the waters of the tributary Nahe. We have now passed the BINGERLOCH, where, as one sails up or down the river, he fancies that his course is brought to a sudden termination at every bend. On either side, rocks are piled upon rocks, and most of the prominent eminences are erowned with the remains of some old creation, and the frequent village is seen, the vines occupying positions on the rocks that appear to be almost inaccessible. Near Bingen it is where the Rhine has evidently forced its way across the chain of mountains which crosses it here at nearly right angles. There are reasons for concluding that at one time the progress of the river was stopped by the chain, and that the stream formed a lake which covered a vast tract of country, extending, indeed, all the way up to Basle. The Rhine has not yet even entirely cleared its course through the great natural barrier which impeded it, and it will be recollected that in descending we spoke of the artificial

The Mausethurm, or Mouse Tower, was also noticed on our downward course, as were also the Rafts, one of which is here seen. And now the shores of the kingly Rhine lose their character—we leave the savage grandeur of castle-crowned cliffs—and see a wide expanse of water, studded with "emerald isles," clothed in the richest foliage. Charming vistas succeed each other, and

we arrive at the city from whence we started.

MAYENCE, or Manz, or Mentz, has ever been a frontier fortress, since it was selected as a military post by Monguntius, one of the Trojans who escaped from the flames of Ilion. It was a citizen of Mayence, named Walpolden, who first suggested the plan of freeing commerce from the oppressive exactions of the knightly highwaymen, with whose strongholds the whole Continent was overspread at the beginning of the thirteenth century, by a confederation of cities which led to the formation of the Rhenish, and afterwards of the more famous Hanseatic League. It was in Mayence, too, that the old

Freemasons' lodges flourished, and the *Minnesanger*, or Troubadours, strung their lyres, towards the close of the thirteenth century. The most gallant of the latter class lies buried in the red sandstone cathedral, where he was interred with great honors, as the following ballad will show:

#### HENRY FRAUENLOB.

In Mentz 'tis hushed and lonely, the streets are waste and drear,

And none but forms of sorrow clad in mourning garbs appear.

And only from the steeple sounds the death-bell's sullen boom;

One street alone is crowded, and it leads but to the tomb.

And as the echo from the tower grows faint and dies away, Unto the minster comes a still and sorrowful array— The old man and the young; the child, and many a maiden fair—

And every eye is dim with tears, in every heart is care.

Six virgins in the centre bear a coffin and a bier,
And to the rich high altar steps with deadened chant draw
near,

Where all around for saintly forms are dark escutcheons found, With a cross of simple white displayed upon a raven ground.

And placed that raven pall above a laurel garland green,
The minstrel's verdant coronet, his meed of song is seen;
His golden harp, beside it laid, a feeble murmur flings
As the evening wind sweeps sadly through its now forsaken
strings.

Who rests within his coffin there? For whom this general wail?

Is some beloved monarch gone, that old and young look pale? A king in truth, — a king of song! and Frauenlob his name; And thus in death his Fatherland must celebrate his fame.

Unto the fairest flowers of heaven that bloom this earth along, To Woman's worth did he on earth devote his deathless song; And though the minstrel hath grown old, and faded be his frame,

They yet requite what he in life hath done for love and them.

A quaint looking old house in Mayence, is hallowed by having been the printing office of GUTEMBURG,

where, assisted by JEAN FUST and PIERRE SCHÆFFER, he worked off the first edition of the Bible. The inventor of moveable types was christened John Gensfleisch, or gooseflesh, but assumed the name of Gutemburg from a house given him by his father. He was originally a sculptor, afterwards engraved on wood, and receiving news of the discovery made by Coster, at Haarlem, so perfected it that it may be truly said, "the Germans, by printing, have made men immortal." The Bible first printed is without date, in two volumes folio—the first letter of each chapter is fancifully executed with the pen, in colors, and the remainder in the identical black-letter which the Germans still persist in using, in utter contempt of the fair Roman character elsewhere adopted. This rare work we have seen at Frankfort, but the Mayence library eontains the Psalter of 1459, the Catholicon of 1460, and another Bible, dated 1462-four works whose publication beggared Gutemburg, and forced him to enter the service of the Elector of Nassau, by whom he was ennobled. He died poor in 1468, and a friend who considered him entitled to the eredit of having invented the ars memoriæ et mors oblivionis, placed the following epitaph over his tomb in the Francisean Church:

D. O. M. S.

Joanni Genszfleisch artis empressorie repertori de omni natione et lingua optime merito in nominis sui memoriam immortalem

Adam Gelthus posuit.

1648.

In the market-place is a statue of Gutemburg, in bronze, by Thorwaldsen, east at an expense of five thousand dollars, raised by subscription. It represents him standing by the side of his press, from which he has just pulled his first sheet, bearing the words — And there was Light — and seems animated by a sort of mysterious impulse, which advances the right foot, as if to mark a sudden step in human progress, while every lineament of his face bears the same proud expression as that of the Greek philosopher, when he eried, Eureka! Eureka! The four sides of the pedestal bear bas-reliefs, represent-

ing the benefits which the four quarters of the world have derived from the "Art preservative of Arts."

Such, gentle reader, are the remarks which we have culled from our note book, to illustrate our friend Champney's faithful panoramic representation, and to make you more familiar with the lovely and majestic scenes which he has portrayed with such scrupulous exactness, and artistic skill. Critics will not, we trust, sit in judgment over our humble production, (prepared in the brief intervals of leisure which remain after editing a daily and a weekly paper), for it has been a "labor of love." Love for the talented young artist, who has clothed the exquisite "Rhineland" with the majesty of nature, peopled it with its inhabitants, and imparted to each scene its peculiar splendor — Love, too, for the river which delighted us when life and all its enjoyments were new, and whose remembrances prompt us to quote, in conclusion, Karl Simroch's

#### WARNING AGAINST THE RHINE.

To the Rhine, to the Rhine, go not to the Rhine,—
I counsel thee well, my boy;
Too many delights of life there combine,
Too blooming the spirit's joy.

Seest the maidens so frank, and the men so free, As a noble race they were. And near with thy soul all glowing shouldst be, Then it seems to thee good and fair.

On the river, how greet thee the castles so'bright And the great cathedral town! On the hills how thou climbest the dizzy height, And into the stream lookest down.

And the Nix from the deep emerges to light,
And thou hast beheld her glee;
And the Lurley hath sung with lips so white—
My son 't is all over with thee.

Enchants thee the sound, befools thee the shine,
Art with rapture and fear overcome,—
Thou singest for aye, "On the Rhine! On the Rhine!"
And returnest no more to thy home.



MOTMT